5: Davies G-5 (1894-1900) 1909 AF16 Southwest China AF16
Sino-Tibetan
Border AE3

S ST 142 in physique to the Lo-los. They are very big men, much bigger than the average of any nation of Europe, with straight noses and reddish complexions. This is the prevailing type in the part of eastern Tibet in which we travelled, though mixed up with them, one also finds men, and especially women, of rounder and more Mongolian features. Also somewhat smaller and darker men are to be met with sometimes. The race, like nearly every other race, is doubtless a mixed one.

S 609 Descending 4000 feet from the monastery of San-ko-ya we found ourselves for the third time on the banks of the Ya-lung. The ferry-boat was on the other side of the river, and unfortunately the ferrymen also lived on the further bank. We began the usual shouting to attract their attention, and were met with an absolute refusal to bring the boat across.

"We don't know who you are. For all we know you may be coming to attack us, and at all events we cannot ferry you across without orders from the head-man," was the answer they shouted. Here then was our first experience of Tibetan ways. The size and strength of current of the river precluded all idea of swimming across to get the boat. In fact as long as they chose to stay on the other side, the game was clearly in their hands.

Finding argument and persuasion wasted on the ferrymen, my interpreter and I climbed 3,500 feet again to see S ST 788 the head-man who lived near the monastery. When we got there we found he was away, so we tried the lamas who had seemed fairly civil in the morning. They were at the • 609 moment engaged in their devotions which they performed to the accompaniment of loud bangings of drums and blowings of horns. Occasionally what appeared to be cakes of dough were brought out by attendants and put out of doors, probably as a work of merit, for the crows and other birds to eat.

S 609 In half an hour or so the ceremony was over, but our time had been wasted. The lamas said they had nothing to do with the affairs of the world and had no authority over the ferrymen. Doubtless if they had liked to send orders, they would have been obeyed at once, but seeing they did not intend to help us we descended again to

5: Davies G-5 (1894-1900) 1909 AF16 Southwest China AF16
Sino-Tibetan Border AE3

of his coming to reach the Mi-li officials. The consequence was that he met with no obstruction, and was on the whole treated with courtesy and helped on his journey[1]. I must also say in justice to the Mi-li officials that after I had arrived at the capital and satisfied them that I was neither a robber nor a gold-seeker, I had no further trouble of any sort. It was doubtless my sudden and unannounced appearance on their eastern frontier which caused me to be viewed with suspicion at first.

On the morning after our arrival, a crowd of people from the town turned up to have a look at the strangers and their property. A Tibetan crowd does not annoy one like a Chinese crowd. They are a better-mannered people than the Chinese and are satisfied with a look, without wanting to stand staring for hours.

Among the visitors was our lama friend of the day before. It appears he is a very big man in Mi-li, a sort of prime minister. He was fairly civil and gave me some tea and dried meat. I returned the compliment by presenting him with a bottle of salad oil. Directly he saw me coming towards him, he retired hastily out of sight into the stable, and when I followed him and gave him the bottle, he immediately hid it under his robe. He probably thought it was liquor, and was doubtless wofully disappointed when he opened it.

There are three or four Chinese traders living in Mi-li who say they came originally from the province of Shen-hsi. But they have become very much Tibetanised, and even speak Chinese with a Tibetan accent.

Chinamen are certainly not encouraged to settle in Mi-li. Mr Amundsen relates that a few years ago some Chinese came to wash for gold in Mi-li territory, but the Tibetan inhabitants in their zeal for the preservation of native industries, took the extreme protectionist measure of killing the intruders by rolling stones down the hillside on them. "Now," Mr Amundsen remarks, "none but Milians wash for gold!"

[1] Mr Amundsen gives an account of his journey in the *Geographical Journals* for June 1900 and November 1900.